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Central R. R.

Street. Ticket office, 154
ap. All trains arrive and
depart at 10:00 a.m. and
10:00 p.m. which is 25 min
out time.

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Horticultural.

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

The Mexican Horticultural Exhibit.

On Thursday, Jan. 29th ult., a very considerable addition was made to this collection. Among the additional fruits we notice a fine collection of the common pineapple of commerce; also an assortment of bananas, among which we notice three varieties; one of which is distinctly and curiously striped with green and white; the green becoming yellow at maturity.

A lot of cocoa nuts, yet in the husk, are shown, as they were taken from the trees.

Among these additions we find a large display of the finest oranges that have yet appeared upon the tables, as well as of excellent flavor.

A novelty to us—a sweet lemon, is also shown in the collection, although it will scarcely compare with the orange in flavor. Limes are also shown in considerable quantity; as are also Mandarin oranges, grape fruit and shaddock.

Apples are shown in two or more varieties, labeled "Peron." One variety with the form and flavor of our Grimes' Golden, the other less elongated and smaller.

Among these fruits are a couple of plates of a large, yellow Haw; as large as a medium sized crab apple, and of the flavor and texture of the large, reddish, edible haw that occurs occasionally in our northern hedges.

Opuntia Tuna, occurring also in this collection, is the edible fruit of a species of cactus; but if judged by the flavor, it can hardly be considered very valuable as a means of subsistence; except, possibly, in arid localities suitable only to the growth of cacti.

Nuts of the oil palm are also shown, both with and without their shell or husk.

Also a lot of fine looking pears, apparently all of one variety, and of good size; but we did not test their quality.

We also observe several varieties of potatoes; not of very tempting appearance. One variety with small obscure eyes, and flattened or angular in form, as if grown in contact with hard surfaces.

The flesh of this was yellow or orange colored, somewhat like that of the sweet potato.

Yams were also shown, in form not unlike the common sweet potatoes, but of a brick red color.

Several varieties of pomegranates appear in this collection, also the Mamie apple—an ovate fruit, with an outer shell not unlike that of the pomegranate, and filled with seeds embedded in a soft pulp.

JAMAICA EXHIBIT.

An exhibit from this island arrived at the same time with that from Mexico. It contained a large collection of cocoa nuts, and six very large clusters of bananas. But perhaps the most interesting portion of this exhibit, commercially considered, is a collection of fifty-six varieties of sugar cane, collected, as we understand, for experimental purposes, with reference to the development of the sugar interests of the island.

The shaddock and so-called grape fruit, appear in considerable variety in the collection. Of the former a portion are yellow, with pale amber flesh; while others are of a pale reddish or pinkish shade, with pulp of similar color, some of them are very large—being from six to eight inches in diameter, but with a very thick skin.

Specimens of mango are also shown, but in a partially decayed condition, giving evidence of the commonly recognized fact that, like several other fine tropical fruits, they are too perishable and delicate to bear the stress of commercial handling, and lengthened transportation.

Oranges in this collection, of the Mandarin or Tangerine class, are labeled Bigman oranges; but why this term is so applied we are not able to learn.

Liberia coffee and Arabic coffee also appear in this exhibit, in the berry in both cases.

Nutmeg fruit is shown in glass cans, with the outer husk or enclosure still upon it, and also with this removed, showing the nut with its covering of mace.

Naseberry or Sapodilla plum, (Acacia Sapota), is also represented by a few specimens; but they already give indications of their extremely delicate and perishable character; and the same is true of the specimens shown of vanilla plant and its fruit, as well as of the fruit of the cacao or chocolate tree.

Garcinia pictoria, a fruit nearly allied to the East Indian Mangosteen, is also shown, but in an immature condition. We are assured by the exhibitor, that the Mangosteen, so little known outside of its native locality—the Malaysian peninsula—is being introduced into Jamaica, with apparent success, although it has not yet fruited there.

Betel nut, (Areca catechu), so common in India, is also shown, in the nut, in this exhibit.

A peculiar fruit known as Jao plum, (Spondias dulcis), also appears in this collection, but of its uses and value we are uninformed. The same is true of Akee, (Blighia sapida), a triangular pod, a couple of inches in diameter, with three lobes, which open out, displaying large, black, bean like seeds.

Specimens of the cardamon spice plant are also shown, in the dry state.

Pineapples, in four varieties, are shown only in this collection. The exhibitor states that some of these are of quality quite superior to those usually shipped abroad, but that they are less easily grown or more liable to suffer in the transportation.

Coffee berries upon the branch, are also shown, as is a cone (if it may be so called) of the screw pine of our northern greenhouses.

The enormous and ill looking Negro yam, (Dioscorea alata), is also represented,

in this collection by a couple of specimens; but the uninformed observer would hardly suspect it to be edible, unless so informed.

In conclusion we may remark that in this single collection, from a single island, the visitor may find food for much observation and study; while doubtless, as seasons pass in their succession, the novel and curious exhibit could be greatly increased and diversified.

T. T. LYON.

The Peach-Borer, in Brief.

The little white caterpillars with sixteen legs that eat the bark and sapwood, often girdling peach trees just beneath the earth, and causing gum to ooze out, are peach borers. A beautiful blue, wasp like moth lays eggs at the base of the tree in July and August. These soon hatch, and the little larvae begin at once to feed on the bark and sapwood.

When winter shuts in they will be from a quarter to nearly three-quarters of an inch long. Next June they will pupate in their own chips, and the moth come again in July and August. The varying time of the moth's appearance explains the varying sizes of the caterpillars, which led Dr. Harris to suppose they were two years in developing.

The sure way to destroy these harmful borers is to dig them out in September and again in April or May. In September, because if left later they will do much damage. But some are at this time so small that they escape notice, and hence the necessity of a further search in April. Ashes do not prevent egg-laying; the carbolic acid and soap mixture will. This should be rubbed on the base of the tree in July. I have but little doubt that the kerosene and soap mixture, placed underground close to the tree, would kill the larvae, though I have not tried it. Cold will not kill the trees because of wounds made in cutting out the borers, but the wounds will heal more quickly if covered with grafting wax.—Prof. A. J. Cook, in N. Y. Tribune.

FLORICULTURAL.

On the Exposition grounds at New Orleans is an immense floricultural design, a shield shaped bed representing the American flag. Twenty thousand hyacinths, worth \$1,000, were used to plant the shield alone. The stripes are thirty feet long and three feet wide, the white stars in the blue field, 38 in number, are thirty inches from point to point, and the bed covers 1,700 square feet.

W. FALCONER says in the Rural New Yorker, that he is now cutting 200 nasturtium flowers a week from a few plants grown in large pots in his carnation house. The vines are trained to strings along the rafters only, and in this way they do not shade the carnations much, if any. They were raised from cuttings last summer, grown in pots plunged out of doors till fall, then repotted into large pots and very rich turfy earth, and taken in-doors in time to escape frost. Having had no check from the beginning, they grew freely and have blossomed straight along, and will as long as they are kept in the greenhouse and fed with manure mulchings and waterings. But young plants raised from cuttings or seeds are better for summer blooming out of doors or for next year's winter work. The common annual sorts, dwarf or running, do well in this; but he prefers the Lobelia race, the flowers are so brilliant and effective, and most copiously produced, and, when cut, last over a week. These nasturtiums will grow and blossom beautifully in sunny windows.

BOUVARDIAS are very beautiful flowers and well repay culture. Their colors are so clear, the blossoms so trim and tidy that the plants win friends everywhere. W. Falconer says in the Rural New Yorker: "So long as you can keep bouvardias healthy and growing vigorously, so long you can get blossoms from them. We raise young plants from cuttings of the roots or young growths, started in a brisk temperature in early spring. Plants one year old do not yield such good root cuttings as do those two years or more. When root cuttings throw up sprouts an inch or so high, they should be potted singly, as you would rooted cuttings of verbenas or other plants, only they should be kept very warm. About the end of May plant them out in rows 12 inches apart and nine or twelve inches asunder in the rows, in a warm, sheltered spot in the garden. Keep clean, cultivate freely, and as they grow up pinch them in to make them stocky. Early in September lift them very carefully, preserving all the fibrous rootlets as you would those of a young tree, also a ball of earth, and put them into pots in proportion to the size of the plants. The bouvardias will now be bushy, well-set with flower-buds and some of them in bloom. As they are very brittle, put a stake to each plant. Remove to a sheltered, faintly-shaded place; give a good watering to the roots and sprinkle overhead two or three times a day for a while to prevent flagging. Do not take them into the house so long as you can safely trust them out of doors. Unless you have plenty of young plants, do not throw away the old ones; but unfasten their roots a little and plant them out in summer, and lift and repot in fall. They will bloom very freely. And if you wish for bouvardias blossoms in summer, it is no use depending on your spring struck cuttings for them; whatever flowering shoots they may throw up should be shortened back for business' sake; but old plants will bloom plentifully. In the house or greenhouse while bouvardias are in blossom they should be kept dry over head and in a bright, sunny place. Alfred Neuner, double white; President Garfield, double pink; Dianthus, scarlet; Jasminoides, white; Hogarth, carmine; and the Bride, pink, are pretty and useful sorts."

GEORGE HENDERSON, of Rye, N. Y., states that club root in cabbage and turnips does not occur when cabbage plants are set out on ground where onions have grown the year before. An emulsion of kerosene with common soap and water is found a sure protection from the cabbage worm.

Horticultural Notes.

The favorite varieties of celery grown at Kalamazoo are the White Walnut and Crawford.

In Berks County, Pa., apples sold last season for ten cents per bushel. A three acre orchard yielded 900 bushels of fine fruit.

Do not forget the great value of the wood ashes. They are valuable in the orchard, in the garden, and in the fields.

MR. ROBERT SWAN, of Geneva, N. Y., protects his quince trees from borers in the trunk by heaping coal ashes about the trunks. He does not claim this as a specific, but the fact remains that he raises a good crop of fruit every year, and employs no other means to protect the trees.

"QUIZ QUIZ" in the New York Tribune says: "I have peach trees now vigorous and healthy in appearance, which twice showed decided symptoms of yellows. On seeing these appearances I at once—about the middle of July, I think—made a gutter round the collar and then poured a gallon of boiling water over and round the stem and forkings of the tree from as high as I could reach. Accumulating in the gutter the heat penetrated far, seeming to destroy the fungus mycelium extending within, while it also cooked any borers that might have been mining down there from without. I have had similar experience through thirty years."

MR. ARTHUR S. CORE, of Westchester Co., N. Y., several years ago applied to the Elmira Farmers' Club for advice as to the management of an old orchard which was unproductive and unprofitable. He was undecided whether to chop down the trees or endeavor to bring them into bearing again. The club discussed the question, but gave him little encouragement to attempt to restore vitality. However, he decided to experiment with the trees, and has just rendered an account to the club. He had the trees trimmed, applied \$45 worth of fertilizers, and even at the low rates prevalent for fruit last fall, cleared \$119 over and above expenses. An exact account of his methods would have added to the value of the experiment.

VERY few of our new fruits, says the Gardener's Monthly, are equal to the older ones they have displaced. Something that is tough and hardy, and will grow without a care—a raspberry so full of seeds and with so little pulp that it will prove a "first rate carrying berry"—a strawberry that will ripen its whole crop in a day or two, so there can be economy in gathering—a peach that will never ripen, so we can get it to market before it rots—these are the favorites of the day. But surely this is not the best, the end of all fruit culture. If we have the time and the will to grow a delicious plum why should we forever have to be satisfied with a compound of tannic acid and mashed turnips simply because it will not pay the market man to fight the trouble in the only way that it can be fought? Why be content with a poor fruit, because a better one costs some time and trouble to care for?

Apianian.

THE CAUSE OF FOUL BROOD.

[A paper read before the Michigan Bee-Keepers' Association by Prof. T. J. Barrill, of the Iowa Agricultural College.]

This disease is caused by the injurious operations of a minute organism properly classed among the so-called "disease germs" or bacteria. All allied organisms are exceedingly small creatures, only to be seen with highly magnifying powers; but all are veritable plants, consisting of essentially the same chemical elements and the same organic structure as the higher and larger members of the vegetable kingdom. Some writers class the bacteria with animals, because they usually have the power of moving freely in the liquid media in which they live; but these authorities cannot be well posted upon the characteristics of low vegetable forms, for the power of spontaneous motion belongs to the most of them, as indeed it does to many of the highest plants in one way or another.

But as plants the bacteria are very simple in structure—an individual possessing all the capabilities of absorbing food, living, growing and reproducing its kind—being composed of a single cell, and this of very minute size. The cell has, however, a wall of cellulose (wood substance) inclosing a semi-fluid material known as protoplasm, and this is true of all living and active vegetable cells from which all plant-structures are derived. The only appendage or other structural peculiarity of the bacterium cell or individual, is in some species a very fine whip-like filament, which, being capable of rapid vibration, serves as an organ of locomotion. There are no limbs, no sense organs, no special digestive apparatus, no heart, no veins, no nerves. They gain their nutrition by absorption of fluid materials through the cellulose wall, without any special opening for passage of anything in or out.

Propagation takes place by a spontaneous division of the single cell, so as to make of this, two cells. Sometimes the two new cells remain attached, and these may again divide, always transversely, making four cells in a chain-like row. Thus any number of cells may exist attached to each other in a thread, but each cell lives altogether independent of its neighbor, and may at any time become, without injury, entirely separated. There is much difference among the species about this matter of remaining attached, and also a difference in the same kinds, according to the food supply, mechanical agitations, etc.

Some species, and among them our organism of foul brood, have another method of reproduction, viz.: by the formation of "spores" within the cell cavity, which are little masses of condensed protoplasm surrounded by a cellulose wall, and are, therefore, little bacterium cells, which have only to increase in size to become like the parent cell.

Still these spores have physiological characteristics quite unlike the adult cell. They resist the effects of injurious conditions, as of dryness, high or low temperature, chemical poisons, etc., which destroy the organism in other forms. Thus, all species of bacteria, as well as other plants in their normal vegetating condition, are destroyed by immersion for half an hour, in water at a temperature but little above 130 deg. Fahr., while these spores, or some of

them, may be actually boiled for a much longer time without being killed.

The organism of foul brood, when not furnished with spores, is killed by simply drying thoroughly in the sun for a few days, first being mixed in sufficient water to thin well the mass in which they exist. The spores, however, live under such conditions for some months, but in my experiments they seem to finally perish in a room kept heated for human occupation, in less than six months. Freezing does not injure the spores, for I have had them develop after having been repeatedly frozen and thawed, and in some cases after an exposure to temperatures reaching 23 deg. Fahr. below zero. But I am not sure as to the action of frost on the adult forms, not having had satisfactory material at hand when the opportunity occurred for trying.

So long as the food-supply is abundant and the other conditions of vegetative life are favorable, spore-formation does not occur in this species. When, however, the affected larval mass sinks down to the bottom of the honey-comb cell, there is little to be found of the organism but the spores. Cultivated in beef broth, in which the minute plant flourishes as well as in the bee-larva, the vegetative stage lasts under the temperature of summer weather (75 deg. to 90 deg. Fahr.) from two to seven days, i. e., spore-formation does not sooner begin. The length of time, however, depends on the quantity of the food material, and my trials were with diluted broth, and in small quantities ranging from about one-fifth to one ounce, the inoculation being made with a very minute amount of the material containing the bacteria, and, therefore, but few of the latter. Had many been at first introduced, I have no doubt that spores would have been sooner found.

In the bee-larva, nothing so definite can now be stated upon this point, but the time seems to be longer. Spores are not found while the larva keeps its proper shape, and until it sinks down into a jelly-like mass at the bottom of the cell. There is, by this time, a very offensive odor, due, probably, to the gases eliminated by the ferment action of this same organism, yet it does not seem to be putrefactive in its nature.

It ought to be thoroughly understood that no putrefaction or decomposition can take place even in so susceptible a thing as a young, soft-bodied larva, without the intervention of living organisms of some kind. It is, of course, known that young brood dies upon being too much chilled, and decomposition ensues, just as a bit of fresh meat kept in a warm temperature soon becomes putrid. But in both cases the putrefactive changes are produced by living agents, instead of spontaneously arising in the dead organic matter. There are, indeed, as many bacteria in a putrid bee-larva killed by cold, as in one destroyed by the organism of foul brood. Others have said, and I think that it is true, that the odor of foul brood can be detected and determined as different from that of putrefaction after death from other causes.

Sometimes it is certain that the usual putrefactive agents (species of bacteria quite distinct from, though of the same structure and general characteristics as that of foul brood) are found in larvae dead of foul brood; but knowing well the ubiquitous character of these, I have been surprised to find the greater number of foul-brood specimens wholly free from the ordinary putrefactive bacteria, so that one can with much reliance, gain pure cultures of the foul-brood agent from the dead larva. But by taking advantage of the fact that the most common of the putrefactive bacteria do

Poetry

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
And the sound of the door that is opened,
And the voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know, by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up on my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me—
They seem to be everywhere!

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwined,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bangor
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have seized the wall,
Such an old monstrosity as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart!

And there I will keep you forever—
Yes, forever and a day—
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And mouldering in dust away.

—Longfellow.

TRINITY CHIMES.

The light of the Indian summer
Fell soft on bright Broadway,
Where the ebb and flow of commerce
Throbbed swift and strong all day;
And men with anxious thoughts oppressed
Passed on the crowded way.

In the surging throngs were people
With weary, care-dimmed eyes,
Who had half forgotten the story
Of a heavenly Paradise—
And bent with earthly burdens, walked
Unconscious of the skies;

When clear from the old church steeple
A message, silver-sweet,
Like a chorus of angel music,
Thrilled all the busy street;
And "Peace on Earth" the chiming bells
Seemed softly to repeat.

They chimed the tune of Martyr,
And the air of wild Dundee,
And quaint Beethoven's measure,
And Gophers' haunting thrushes,
Then floated o'er that listening throng,
"Hear ye, my God, to Thee!"

O folding love of Heaven,
O calm patience of our God,
That waits to soothe our sorrows
And lift our heaviest load;
And gives us melodies of home
To cheer us on the road!

Above the money-changers,
Above the toll and strife
Of this fretting eagerness
With which the world is rife,
Our Father keeps us in store
An everlasting life!

Ah! music softly pealing
Through that sunlit air,
Four strains brought gifts of healing
To many a heart ached there;
And men a moment stopped to praise
Who had no time for prayer.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Miscellaneous.

A QUAKERESS.

Kate Ingley stood at the drawing-room window in Curzon Street tapping the tip of her little Wellington boot impatiently with her riding-whip. A sharp summer shower was pattering down upon the street, and Kate was waiting until it was over to go out for her daily ride. Not that a shower of rain made, as a rule, much difference to Miss Ingley; for she was accustomed to go out in all weathers. She waited a day, simply because the friend she had promised to ride with declined to go out in a heavy thunderstorm, for which exercise of wise discretion Kate heartily deplored. She was getting very impatient. There seemed no end to the straight white rain shafts that came swiftly down from the heavy clouds. Miss Ingley's chestnut mare led by a groom, was walking up down outside. Kate loved her dearly; but there is a limit to equine affection, and at last she got tired of watching her. On the opposite side of the street was a bookseller and librarian, to whom she was accustomed to subscribe for the few three-volume novels which at odd times she skimmed through. It struck her all at once that her uncle was dining at his club that night, and that she had no book of an exciting nature wherewith to while away the solitary evening. She gathered up her habit in one hand, and sallied forth, picking her way gingerly across the muddy street. She went into the back part of the shop, and stood turning over a whole heap of works of fiction which lay piled together on the counter.

Miss Ingley had a tall, well-made figure, which looked its best in a riding-habit. She was a handsome girl, and yet her beauty was not of the order that is universally admired. She had bright brown eyes, a small retreating nose, a mouth that was full of decision and character, and a small head well set upon her shoulders. She wore her dark brown hair cut short all round her head, like a boy's, and in a profusion of thick crisp curls upon which her riding hat now sat a little bit to one side, with a decidedly rakish air. Miss Ingley had many accomplishments, but they were all of one character. She could ride, fish, and swim; she was a good actress and a clever mimic; moreover, she could smoke cigarettes with enjoyment, and shoot rabbits with precision. In addition to all this, she was the actual possessor of fifty thousand pounds comfortably invested in Government securities. With all these advantages, it was perhaps not wonderful that this

young lady had a very high opinion of herself. Kate had heard it said that if you wish others to think well of you, you should begin by thinking well of yourself. She was determined to stand well in the opinion of other people; to be liked and admired was a monomania with her; so she set a good example to mankind by admiring and liking herself immensely.

As she stood in the far background of Mr. Adams, the bookseller's shop, there entered two gentlemen, who came running in for a moment's shelter, and who stood in the doorway with their backs turned toward her, leaning upon their dripping umbrellas. Mr. Adams bowed obsequiously and addressed one of them as "My lord," begging him to take a seat. "My lord," however, a slim young man of about twenty-eight, declined to be seated and went on talking to his friend. Kate glanced once at the two figures in the doorway, and she noticed that my lord's friend was tall and fair, broad shouldered and decidedly good-looking. She did not think, however, that she had ever seen either of them before, so she paid no particular attention to them, but went on turning over the novels and dipping into third volumes to see if she liked the looks of them. The two young men talked. It did not occur to Kate to listen, yet suddenly she heard one of them—the tall handsome man—remark:

"That's a good-looking chestnut walking up and down—I wonder who it belongs to?"

"Oh, I can tell you," answered the other. "It belongs to that horrid girl, Miss Ingley."

Kate started, and shut up the book she was fingering with a snap. An expression of horror came into her eyes, coupled with a blank amazement that was almost comical. She listened in very earnest to what might come next.

"What makes you call her horrid?" asked the tall man laughing; "has she snubbed you, Kyrie?"

"Not she; I don't know her, thank God. She has got fifty thousand, they say."

"I see nothing horrible in that. She ought to suit you down to the ground, you genteel pauper!"

"She'd be dear at the price, or at any price, in fact; why, she swims like a fish, climbs trees like a monkey, talks slang like a schoolboy, wears like a trooper, shoots like a keeper, and smokes—bah! like a chimney!"

"What a category of crimes!"

"After that, do you care to be introduced to this elegant heiress, Jack?"

"Not if I know it, thank you! If I had a chance, I should decline the honor. A woman of that description is revolting. I would go a long way to avoid coming across her."

The shower was over. The two friends nodded to the shopman and took their departure. After a minute or two, Kate came into the front of the shop.

"Who were those gentlemen," she asked of the man.

"The slight dark one is Viscount Kyrie, miss, Lord Greyrock's eldest son."

"And the fair one?"

"Mr. Dormer, a great traveler, miss; he has just returned from the East."

Kate colored hotly.

She mounted her horse and rode away, and it was characteristic of her that she utterly forgot to call for the friend she had promised to ride with. Instead of going anywhere near this lady's house, she turned her horse southward and rode impetuously up to a certain doorway in South Belgrave with which she was familiar.

"Is Lady Ellerton in?" Her ladyship was in her room dressing for her drive, she was told.

She bounded up-stairs, two steps at a time, and burst like a whirlwind into the front bedroom.

"Good gracious, Kate! how you startled me!"

Lady Ellerton, a pretty little woman of some two-and-thirty years, whose delicate pink and white fairness, good temper, and prosperous circumstances generally, had somehow preserved her from looking her full age, sat before the toilet-table arranging the pale-blue bows of her bonnet-strings.

"Adela, I have seen him!" cried Kate, sinking down on her knees by the side of her friend.

Lady Ellerton looked nervously to see if her maid was still in the room, but finding that that damsel had discreetly retired, she inquired:

"Seen who? Not Jack?"

"Yes, Jack, as you call him—your brother, Mr. Dormer."

Lady Ellerton continued to pat down the flaxen curls of her fringe with loving fingers, regarding her pretty face attentively in a hand-glass the while.

"Well?" she inquired unconcernedly, turning her head from side to side.

"I hate him!" said Kate with tragic solemnity.

Lady Ellerton jumped, and the glass fell out of her hand upon the dressing table.

"Good gracious!"

"And he hates me," continued Miss Ingley, in a deep voice of horror.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have met him somewhere, and quarreled all ready? What crushing bad luck! What did he say to you?"

"Nothing."

"What did you say to him, then?"

"Nothing," she repeated gloomily.

"Then, what on earth—are you mad, Kate!—for goodness' sake, explain—"

"I was in a shop; they came in—your brother, and a dreadful friend of his, Lord Kyrie."

Adela nodded; the "dreadful friend" was a particular crony of her own, but she let that pass.

"They began talking about me—Lord Kyrie said I was a 'horrid girl'—he described me as a sort of wild animal, a tom boy who climbed trees, a vulgar creature who swore and talked slang—oh, it was shameful!"

"Well, but Kitty, people do say you are fast, you know," suggested her friend.

"What do you mean by 'fast'?" what does anybody mean?" she cried passionately; "they don't know themselves. It is true I have high spirits, and I like bodily exercise, but I never did the dreadful things that brute said of me."

"Cigarettes," murmured her ladyship. "And where's the harm! there's no sin in a cigarette! But I haven't told you half. After he had given this delightful and perfectly veracious sketch of my character to your brother, he mentioned the amount of my fortune (that was correct enough), and asked him if he would like to be introduced to me; and Mr. Dormer replied that he would go a long way to avoid coming across me! There—what do you think of that?"

"Pooh! Jack will like you when he knows you, Kitty, as I do."

Miss Ingley got up from her knees, and began pacing up and down the room; suddenly she stopped behind her friend's chair, and put both hands on her shoulders.

"Adela, you know you meant your brother to marry me—hush! don't exclaim, and don't deny it; I know exactly what you are going to say, so you needn't say it." Lady Ellerton had got very red.

"I don't think you are at all to blame, my dear; if I had a great friend worth fifty thousand pounds, and a nice, impetuous brother, I should do my best, too, to bring about a coalition of forces—but, Adela—let me tell you, it won't do!"

"Kate, how do you jump at conclusions!" murmured Adela confusedly, for Miss Ingley had stated the case exactly.

"My dear, it won't do; I am not going to run the chance of being snubbed by any man, not even by the brother of my greatest friend. I refuse to meet Mr. Dormer, and I am not coming to Foshorough next week."

Who could have believed that so simple a statement could have created such a storm?

Lady Ellerton sprang to her feet as though she had been shot; she turned hot and cold, red and white by turns; she declared that without Kate she would be undone—her party be a failure, her house a howling wilderness, wherein everybody would be bored to death; and, worse than all, her private theatricals would have to be put off altogether. Finally, she burst into a passion of angry tears, which threatened to end in a fit of hysterics.

Then, suddenly, Kate relented.

"Very well, then, I'll come, and I'll act in the theatricals—but on one condition only. None of the people you have asked for the week know me. I shall not come in my own name, but as somebody else."

"What do you mean?"

"I shall come, not as Miss Ingley, the heiress, the fast, slangy girl"—she jerked out the words spitefully—"but as Miss Rose the Quakeress, the daughter of your old governess."

"Miss Rose!—a Quakeress!" gasped Adela Ellerton.

"Yes, my name is Rose, Katherine Rose, so that will be true enough."

"But a Quakeress—how can you do it? Shall you say 'thee and thou'?"

"No, that is out of date, they don't do it now; but I shall wear drabs and grays and be demure—oh, very demure—your brother will think me charming!"

"Don't be sarcastic; but surely it can't be done—somebody will recognize you."

She tossed her hat off and seized a hair-brush. Away vanished all the crisp droll curls that rippled all over her head, a straight parting, flattened locks falling back on either side, lowered eyelids, a little perked up mouth that looked simply itself; the whole expression of her face, almost her very features, seemed to be changed. Lady Ellerton burst out laughing.

"My dear child, everybody says rightly that you are the cleverest amateur actress in London! Why, I don't believe even James would recognize you."

"Sir James must be in the secret, of course, but no one else; it will only be for four days, and then I go on to the Wigrams. You agree? All right, then I come!"

"And if I don't make that young man fall head over ears in love with me in four days," said Miss Ingley to herself as she ran away down stairs, clenching her little fist as she went, "then shall I vote myself forever unworthy of the name of woman!"

A week later Jack Dormer stood in his sister's little blue and white boudoir at Foshorough Court in the county of Wexsex. He had just arrived and the dressing-bell had rung, but still Jack lingered chatting to his favorite sister—leaning with his back against the mantelpiece, to the no small danger of the china menagerie of wild beasts which were arranged thereupon.

"And whom have you staying in the house, Ady?"

"Oh, not a very amusing party, I fear; old Lord and Lady Sale, Mr. and Mrs. Halket, Mrs. Ritchie and her daughter—rather a loud girl, you remember."

"Yes," shudderingly, "her voice is a never-to-be forgotten item of her presence."

"A cousin of James's, George Andrews, a clerk in the Board of Trade—and, let me see, who else—oh, only little Miss Rose."

"Who is Miss Rose, pray?"

"An insignificant little person; a daughter of an old governess of mine."

"Rose—Rose. I don't remember the name."

"No; it was before your time, you were a baby then," replied Lady Ellerton tranquilly; for when a woman has made up her mind to tell lies, she is generally a thorough mistress of the art. "She is a Quakeress," she added calmly.

"A Quakeress; how amusing! I don't think I ever met one in society before; does she say 'thee and thou'?"

"Oh, no; that is out of date now," replied Adela, quoting her friend's information on the subject; "but you are not likely to speak to her, Jack, she won't interest you, poor little thing. And now really, my dear boy, we must go and dress for dinner; look at the time!"

"By the way, Ady," said the young man, as he followed Lady Ellerton upstairs, "I hear an outrageous character of that friend of yours, Miss Ingley; she is not here, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear, no."

"Well, I'm glad of it, for I am sure I shouldn't have liked her."

"You will see her next week at the Wigram's ball."

"Well, I shan't dance with her, that is certain."

"Won't you, my friend!" muttered between her lips a young lady, who in gathering twilight stood above them upon an upper flight of stairs. "We will see about that!"

Jack Dormer took Mrs. Halket to dinner—she was rather pretty, but excessively dull; the lady on the other side of him was Miss Ritchie, with a loud voice—she on the contrary was lively—over lively indeed, to please him—and she was more over singularly plain. Jack, who was a perfect epicure on the subject of women, felt intensely bored between the two. In the intervals of eating his dinner and keeping up a desultory conversation, his eyes wandered perpetually across the table to where, exactly opposite him, sat a young lady in a high gray silk dress. The dress was the first thing that struck him about her. There was all around him a great exhibition of bare necks and shoulders, and of fat arms displayed in all their unlovely length. Jack, who was fresh from a long residence in the East, where the charming mystery of veiled womanhood had exercised a strange fascination over his somewhat over-refined and sensitive mind, regarded these customs of modern English life with something akin to disgust.

"It is a remnant of barbarism!" said Jack to himself, and then his eyes rested once more with satisfaction upon the young lady opposite to him.

Her dove gray dress was softened at the throat by folds of white tulle; her sleeves were long, only displaying the rounded whiteness of her wrists and arms up to the elbow. Then from looking at her dress he began to look at her face. Her long eye-lashes were for the most part downcast. If she looked up, the glance from her beautiful brown eyes, seemed to him to be modest and intelligent. He noticed that when she talked to her neighbor her voice was low and gentle; how different she seemed from all the other women! How simple, how womanly, how good, was the expression in her quiet face! Who was she, he wondered, and then suddenly he recollected; of course this was "Miss Rose, the Quakeress."

After dinner, when the gentlemen joined the ladies, he went straight up to her and sat down beside her.

"My sister told me you were, Miss Rose, so you must forgive me for introducing myself. May I sit here and talk to you?"

"Oh, yes," Her eyes fell and a bright color rose in her cheeks.

"I have been a long time out of England, traveling in Eastern countries, and you can't think how old English society seems to me now I have come back to it."

"Yes! still with downcast eyes playing with the dove-colored folds of her dress."

"The women, for instance, they look so strange; so—almost bold and unfeminine. I suppose it is because my eye is unaccustomed. Now you, for instance, you remind me more, do you know, of the women of the east, than anybody I have seen since I have been home."

"Oh! Are they not very ignorant, poor things?" Up went the brown eyes flashing into his a look of innocent surprise.

Jack laughed. "Ah—you had me there. I do not mean that it is in their ignorance and want of education that you remind me of them."

"Oh, I am very glad of that!" with a little effusion that was complimentary.

"I should not like you to think me ignorant."

"I am sure you are not," answered Jack very fervently, although why he was sure of it he would have been puzzled to say. He was, however, very certain that Miss Rose had the loveliest eyes and sweetest manner of any woman he had ever met, including all the eastern harem upon whom his memory dwelt with so much fondness.

He devoted himself to her the whole evening, and during the next day it was remarked that the gray frock—which by daylight was of cashmere instead of silk—was never without the attendant figure of handsome Jack Dormer in close proximity. Lady Ellerton and her easy-going husband, who had promised to do his part—which, as his wife said, was only to hold his tongue—looked on with amusement and with satisfaction. As to the Quakeress herself it is difficult to explain exactly what was in her mind about the gigantic fraud she was perpetrating upon her innocent victim. She was very reticent, upon the subject even when chance threw her alone in the society of her friend, and received the laughing congratulations upon her acting with an extraordinary quietness and a silence which was truly remarkable. It is, however, to be surmised that she threw herself into the part so amare, and that the character she was portraying was in no way unpleasant to her; for she evinced much willingness to be led into retired shabby walks, and showed no indisposition to unduly linger in distant green-houses and summer-houses; so that Mrs. Ritchie made spiteful remarks about the aptitude of Quakeresses for flirtation, in spite of their charity-school-like personal appearance; and Lady Sale murmured some not original allusions to those quiescent waters whose springs are supposed to run in the depths of profundity.

Of course Jack never thought of taking his Quakeress into the stables—the only place for which Miss Rose experienced unhealthy longings which she had some difficulty in suppressing. He was fond of horses, and would like to have gone to them himself and smoked his pipe in peace and comfort. But it would have been a profanity to have subjected this sweet, old-fashioned blossom of a girl to the odors of stables and tobacco, and to the lowering atmosphere of a stable yard. It did cross Jack's mind once to think that it might be a nuisance to marry so delicate and pure a creature, from whom the coarse influences of daily life must be forever carefully guarded. But after all, one can't have everything, and anything was better than the fashionable girl of the present day—such a one, for instance, as his friend Kyrie had described to him. As the days wore away, Jack Dormer

was obliged to confess to himself that he was over head and ears in love with Miss Rose.

On the last evening of her visit there were to be private theatricals at Foshorough Court. A small farce was to be acted before a select but not a large audience, and the name of it was "The Girl of the Period."

"Are you going to act, Miss Rose?" asked Jack of his divinity.

"Oh, no; I could not," she answered. "No—acting is not in your line, I'll be bound; you are the last person on earth to care about making a public show of yourself."

At this moment Lady Ellerton burst wildly into the room, with an open telegram in her hand.

"What am I to do?" she cried. "I am in perfect despair. Here is a telegram from Miss Grey to say that she cannot come, her grandmother is dead. Oh, what shall I do?"

Now Miss Grey was supposed to be the "leading lady" upon whom all the success of the night's entertainment depended, and without whom "The Girl of the Period" must needs fall to the ground. There was, however, no Miss Grey in existence. "Oh, what shall I do?" cried Lady Ellerton, wringing her hands and almost in tears (after all, she was almost as fine an actress as Kate Ingley). "All the people are asked, and the supper and the stage scenery have arrived, and how can I put it all off! Oh Jack, what am I to do?"

"My dear girl, I'm awfully sorry, I'm sure. I don't know what can be done; can nobody else take her part?"

"No. Who is there? Miss Ritchie does the sprightly old maid, and Mrs. Halket the timid mother, and Colonel Spriggs the heavy father, and George Andrew the lover. He is the only one that can act a bit except Miss Grey; the whole thing depended upon her, and who is there who can take her part?"

"Then, Miss Rose said very hesitatingly.

"Oh, Lady Ellerton, I'm afraid I should do it very badly; but if you are in such a difficulty I would do my very best, if you have really no one else; I would try—I learn very quickly by heart, and you might show me."

"My dear, you are an angel, a darling!" cried Adela rapturously, clasping Miss Rose in her arms. "How too dear and good of you! I can't tell you how grateful I am."

"You are the first person in the world to do a kind and good natured action," whispered Jack in her ear, almost faintly contradicting the very last remark he had made to her. "But he was in that idiotic condition of mind with regard to her, when whatever a woman does or says, or leaves unsaid or undone, seems to be equally perfection in a man's eyes. Nevertheless, when Miss Rose had been carried away by his sister to be drilled and coached, he could not help owing to himself that, amiable and good-natured as was Miss Rose, he feared that her acting would be a failure."

"At such a short notice, and such a part, so wholly foreign to her nature! Poor little girl, how can she do it?"

It was with very nervous feelings that Jack watched the curtain go up before a crowded audience that evening.

He saw upon the stage Miss Rose, and yet Miss Rose mysteriously transformed; a wealth of dark curls over her brow, a red satin dress made in the latest fashion, and the glitter of diamonds upon her white smooth throat; and then the saucy glance of her laughing eyes, that seemed as if more than once they singled him out of the audience before her, the easy gestures, the perfect enunciation, the natural talent with which she went through a part in which she had acted many times before, filled him first with amazement, and lastly with admiration; she was more beautiful than he had ever conceived her to be, and her acting was so marvellous that it almost took away his breath.

There came one scene wherein the "Girl of the Period" had to smoke a cigarette. Miss Rose went through the performance with a graceful ease, which, although it made his heart stand still, was yet very far from jarring against his taste; the cigarette, as smoked by the Quakeress, became almost a poetical and feminine action. "Nothing," he said to himself, "can vulgarize her; she is the innate embodiment of a lady in mind."

Nevertheless, he was glad when the play was over, the curtain went down amid thunders of applause, and Miss Rose, in her gray silk Quakeress garb, came back presently and sat down among the audience, while some impromptu charades were being acted by the others.

Jack made room for her beside him.

"How did I do it?" she whispered to him.

"It was perfect. I am speechless with amazement at your acting. I had no idea you were so clever." This praise was grateful to her; she was conscious of having acted her best.

"If you had studied the part for weeks you could not have done it better." She had studied it for weeks. She played with the buttons of her glove, and held her tongue. "It was dreadful to me to see you act that part like that," he went on in a whisper.

"Did it pain you?" She lifted her dark eyes and fixed them upon him, with an earnest yearning look in them; how different was now their expression from that which he had seen in them half an hour ago!

"Yes," he murmured back, "because I love you, and you know it."

The charades were going on upon the stage, and the audience was in semi-darkness. She lowered her eyes, and a faint smile hovered upon her lips; was it of joy or was it of triumph? A little of each, perhaps. "I love you as you are, and yet everything you say and do is right in my eyes, because it is you," he went on passionately.

A twinkle in her downcast eye.

"Even the cigarettes?" she murmured.

"I forgive you even that; no other woman could have acted that, and yet one can't have everything, and anything was better than the fashionable girl of the present day—such a one, for instance, as his friend Kyrie had described to him. As the days wore away, Jack Dormer

was obliged to confess to himself that he was over head and ears in love with Miss Rose.

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storm at high altitudes is
warm and lonesome. About
above Camberwell, in the
of June, Mr. Lithgow told
of a balloon in midsummer
snow. I have noticed the
d, fixed, and often motion-
ous pillows inviting one
recline upon them without
ability. Presently smitten
on cloud, their edges may
same, and as one looks, a
made, and through them is
at wilderness of the deep
blue. Let us ascend soon
in imagination. Nothing
weird solemnity of night
to float above London and
the city like one vast flame-
net, twelve miles square of
net, with the winding river
the electric light, and as
whole shrunk to about the
size of a board. This vision in
the proportion of a toy. The
as we ascend higher, losses
the "clear obscure" above
we seem hurrying apace.
are now worthy of con-
sideration. The stars are changed;
are golden and globular, as
or as in the poet's vision:
The clear galaxy
is a vast, wonderful
field with sharp points of light."
The rolls away from the "opal
moon the stars grow faint,
but hangs in the blue black-
ness to give no light, so great
is the light-bearing ether in
it swim. Perhaps the physi-
cians confuse or intensify the
eye. This singling in my
vision; this constant coining of
mouth, is, to say the least,
no less very odd, the ther-
my degrees below zero; and
and bearable, and there is
a black veil hangs beneath,
and there with silver and
on flakes. My head begins
the valve; let us descend
the night, into the moon-
less 500 feet thick, and seems
id in a moment. It hangs
Still down, down, thou-
The lights of earth gleam
me like tiny sparks.
The vanished. I have had no
vanish, but I have floated clear
The rapidity of our descent
is. In another moment I
are close beneath us.
The midnight; the still
now diffused and soft, the
ad scented. The car drops,
The rapidity of our descent
is. In another moment I
are close beneath us.
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now diffused and soft, the
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The rapidity of our descent
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The midnight; the still
now diffused and soft, the
ad scented. The car drops,

readily be understood that not the least
important part of our duties was the call-
ing people in the morning in time for the
various trains.
One evening a gentleman asked for the
proprietor and I was sent for. He was
very polite but anxious.
"I want to stay over night here," he
said, "in order to take the 6:30 train to-
morrow morning for Chicago. I want to
be called in time, without fail."
"Very well, sir," I replied quietly, "you
shall be called."
"Well," said he, "you must excuse me,
but really it is very important. If I am
not on hand to-morrow by that train, I
shall lose several thousand dollars, and I
know that sometimes, in hotels, guests
are not called in time. It has happened
to me more than once."
I rose to the requirements of the occa-
sion.
"Sir," said I with bland dignity, "I have
been running this house now for some
time. We have to call our guests at a
most every hour of the night, and I can
say with truth that we have never yet fail-
ed to call a man on time." (This, by the
way, was perfectly true.)
"You can go to bed, sir, without the
least anxiety, and sleep just as sound as
you please. You shall be called in time."
Of that I give you my personal assur-
ance.
That settled his case. He looked very
much relieved, thanked me, and shortly
after went up to No. 301 and went to bed.
Now, my man who had called the calling was
a young fellow called Jake, one of the best
men that ever worked for me, and in the
matter of rousing out sleepy men early in
the morning he was as regular as a clock
and as certain as death. I gave him an
extra caution about No. 301 and thought
no more about it.
About 8 o'clock the next morning I
came out of the breakfast-room and walk-
ed into the office, when, to my astonish-
ment, who should come walking down the
stairs but my 6:30 friend, who ought to
have been by that time some fifty miles
on his way to keep his business appoint-
ment. I confess that my first impulse was
to run away, but I stood my ground like
a little man. He came near, looked at me
with a sarcastic smile and said:
"I believe sir, that I received your per-
sonal assurance last evening that I should
be called this morning at 6:30."
"Yes, sir," said I.
"I observe by your clock," he continued,
"that it is now after 8."
"Yes, sir."
"Will you have the goodness to ex-
plain?"
"That, sir," said I, "is exactly what I
cannot do at present. I supposed that
you had been called. I have nothing to
say. I am fairly in your hands, and if I
had an excuse I would not offer it, for I
realize that this is not a case for excuses.
But I will ask you to wait a few minutes
until I inquire into the matter."
Well, I investigated Jake pretty lively,
you can bet, and it seems that he had a
pretty good excuse. Just half an hour
before the call he heard a great noise and
saw a bright light out in front of the
house. Of course, being so near the track
the engines burn wood up that way we
were always in great dread of fire, so Jake
rushed out to see what was the matter.
On a side track, just a little way from the
house, a freight car had caught fire, and
the train men, to save the rest of the
train, had managed to uncouple the blazing
car and shove it along the track to-
ward the house. It was burning fiercely
and the wind was blowing our way, and
Jake thought it was "all day" with us for
certain. However, the railroad boys work
hard and the wind fell, and finally the
fire was got under. When all was over
and Jake got back to the house, he was
too much disturbed in mind and too
tired in body to look at his call book or
to think about travelers, and it was too
late for our anxious guest if he had re-
membered him. Of course I could not
make any row with Jake on such a show-
ing as that. I went back to my man and
told him the whole story, and wound up
by saying:
"Now, my dear sir, I offer this, not as
an excuse, but as an explanation. I have
only one thing to say. Stay here as my
guest as long as you please. The house
is yours and everything in it," as they say
in Italy. There is some tip-top chicken
shooting about here, and I have a good
gun and the "bores" dog at your service.
Whatever I can do to make it pleasant for
you shall be done, and if the whole house
burns up you shall be called at whatever
time you say, or I'm a Dutchman. I can-
not say that I will stand your business
loss from missing your appointment, for
I am too poor; but our telegraph operator
is at your disposal."
This attitude of frank acknowledgment,
this throwing up the sponge before he hit
me, took him by surprise. He had been
pretty mad and I didn't blame him, but
he cooled off, said that he hoped the thing
would turn out right after all, and at any
rate, after what he was pleased to call my
gracious way of acknowledging the corn,
he would certainly have no hard feeling
about it. He worked the telegraph wire
pretty lively during the day, had a quiet
evening about the house, and was called
at 6:30 the next morning, and no mistake.
He shook hands most cordially at parting,
and was thoughtful enough to telegraph
me two days afterward from Chicago,
saying that he had patched up matters
with his parties and had made the deal,
so that he hadn't lost any money after all,
and he swore that he would come and
visit me again—but he never has. This,
my boy, I consider a triumph of diplom-
acy.

portion she made an easy conquest of the
penniless attorney, who had been unsuccess-
ful in a previous love matter. Had
Scott married into a better stock he might
have left a family worthy of his name.
Shelley, Byron and Coleridge are among
the chief illustrations of genius and do-
mestic infelicity. The first ran a rapid
career. Before he was twenty-nine he
had married twice; had abandoned his
first wife, who committed suicide, and
had achieved fame as one of the great
poets of the day; and he quickly reached
a grave in the English burying-ground at
Rome.
Byron was unfit to marry, because of
intense selfishness, and lawless appetite.
Coleridge loved his wife, but was so ad-
dicted to opium that he was unfit for do-
mestic life, and hence a long separation.
Charles Lamb was a bachelor, devoted
to the care of a lunatic sister. Gibbon,
Hume and Macaulay, the greatest histori-
ans Great Britain ever produced, were
bachelors. Perhaps had they been mar-
ried they would have attained greater
happiness, if not greater excellence. Gib-
bon was deeply in love when he was a
poor student at Lausanne and his father
forbade the union. The girl was the
daughter of a Swiss clergyman, and after
her father's death became a teacher in
Geneva. From this lowly condition she
was elevated to be the wife of Necker,
the financial ruler of France (just before
the revolution), and became the mother
of Madame De Stael.
Hume was constitutionally a celibate,
but I presume that Macaulay would have
married had he ever found the time. Tom
Moore married an actress. Wilkie Collins
married a daughter of Dickens. Camp-
bell married a second cousin, and they
had the usual bitter experience of literary
life. The later circle of poets, such as
Jerrold, Tom Hood, Barry Cornwall
(Proctor), Ebenezer Elliott, etc., were all
married. Hugh Miller fell in love with a
girl who came into the shop where he was
dressing stone, and the union proved very
happy, but it was at last sadly terminat-
ed by his suicide.

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the coming season. Now we regret that we
voted against protection.—Graphic.

A wag, being asked the name of the inven-
tor of butter stamps, replied that it was prob-
ably Cadmus, as he first brought letters into
Greece.
When a certain bachelor married, the mem-
bers of the Bachelor Club broke him up by
sending him as a wedding present a copy of
"Paradise Lost."

"I do love dress!" exclaimed a young society
belle. "Then I should think you would wear
it!" retorted the cynical bachelor friend of
middle age.
"Ah, Bings, where are you going for the
week?" "Oh, I shall take a run out to
Italy and Mt. Vesuvius." "I see—going to
a foreign climb."

The cold winds of autumn remind the farmer
that it will soon be time to put their cattle
under cover. Ye who have steers prepare to
shelter them.
An absent husband telegraphed to his wife:
"Send your love." He received the reply:
"Spruce young man called and delivered the
kiss in good order."

Somebody having remarked that a great
physician was out at dinner yesterday, a
Lancet writer to know why they didn't go
to a factory and buy some.
A market reporter says that his sweetheart
encouraged him, and he thought of marrying
her at once, but that a further advance was
followed by a decline.
"There are good and bad points about this
coffee," said the boarder in a judicial tone:
"The good point is that there is no chlorine in
it; the bad, that there is no coffee in it!"

A clothing dealer hung out an overcoat for
sale at a low price. "Hands off! Beware!"
A thief observed it, and, shouldering
the responsibility, remarked: "Hands off!
Beware!"

Ten thousand dollars changed hands on the
results of a cock fight at Finsbury, L. E. Last
week. It was an "international fight" be-
tween

